

BETTING? HERE IS SOMETHING LIKE IT

Says Alfred Rhodes

She wrecked men but died in a ditch

By RONALD VERE

IT was in 1909 that Gertrude Zelle, a slender but pretty Dutch girl, crossed the frontier and arrived in Paris, determined to be an artist's model.

She took a back room in Montmartre, really a garret, admitted that she had just the amount—30 francs—to pay the first month's rent in advance; and then went out to find work.

She found it, for she was prepared to take any kind of work.

When she was asked why she preferred to pose in the nude, she replied calmly, "If men are curious, I am curious also. Besides, I am a widow."

She had been married, she said, when she was very young, to a Scot named Lieutenant MacLeod, but they were separated for good. Nobody ever saw Lieutenant MacLeod, nor was he ever traced.

One artist, M. Vivente, used her a great deal for his pictures, and she soon became in great demand with British and American artists who had studios in Paris.

Her terms were moderate, and she did not hesitate to become a lover as well as a model.

In 1910 M. Vivente was giving to his friends a party, and one item was a series of tableaux vivants. He asked "Gershy," as she was then called, to pose as an Indian.

"I could give an Eastern dance, too," she said. "I have been there and know all about the costumes and dances." She was a great success—and her fees began to rise. She became in great demand at fashionable salon gatherings, where she danced in the nude or with sinuous draperies.

Then she went on to the music halls, where she obtained almost her own prices; then to cabarets and dancing halls. She was now making thousands of francs every week, and was the mistress of a young cavalry officer from Saumur, who gave her a villa at Neuilly, furnished in the most exquisite taste.

She changed her name from "Gershy" to Mati Hari for professional purposes, and the cavalry officer kept leading her with presents. It was no surprise when he was found one morning in barracks with a bullet through his head. He had killed himself rather than face the trial before him for embezzling money for his mistress.

He was the first of a long line of victims. But she kept the house and its contents. She continued for a few years living the glamorous life she had planned for herself. To her feet came politicians, military men and naval men, artists and devotees, whose names ranked in French social circles.

When the 1914 war broke out she was in Berlin. She saw the cheering crowds sweep down the Unter den Linden from a privileged seat—in the private car of Baron von Jagow, the Prussian Minister of Police. Was she then in the German Secret Service? It has never been fully established, so far as that date was concerned; and she drifted back to Paris.

She told those who asked that she had returned to sell her house and furniture in Neuilly. But she did not go to sell the place or the furniture. What she actually



did was to set up again in the open life of a courtesan, and a luxurious one at that. The French had their eye on her—the official French. Courtesan she could be, but they suspected her of much more important matters. They believed she was a spy in the pay of Germany.

She had been seen, before the war, to drop an occasional letter into the German Embassy in the Rue de Lille. Now they set traps for her, but she evaded the net set by the French Second Bureau, which was the War Department in charge of espionage. She knew they were watching her; and she took the bull by the horns. She went into their office and offered her services to them. The French Second Bureau had heard of that trick before. It was not uncommon for a suspected spy to boldly offer services in order to throw off the pursuit. The officer whom she interviewed at the Bureau asked her what she could do for them.

She answered that she was going on a tour of Holland and Belgium, and if they gave her a list of their agents in these countries she could get news about Germany which could be passed back to Paris. The French Second Bureau considered the matter and ultimately engaged her. She was given a list of names. Every name was false except one. That one was the name of a man who had been playing a double game with the Germans, and the French G.H.Q. wanted him out of the way.

From that moment Mati Hari was suspect in every sense of the word. She went to Madrid, and the French knew she was there. Many of their airmen were killed in Spain; many of their secret agents were captured, for the place where Mati Hari lived was near a tract of country where the French airmen dropped spies.

She ran short of money, but her appeals to Germany brought no money unless she went back to her post in Paris to work for them. She went back—and was arrested by the French War Office.

They even knew her number as an enemy agent. It was C.A. 42. So they arrested her. It was a sensational trial in which this girl, who had already ruined many men, brazened it out with calm effrontery.

She boasted that she never took less than £1,500 from any man.

She retorted pertly to one question asked by her judges: "Oh, you are very ungallant for officers—and I have loved so many officers!"

When sentence of death was passed she did not believe it would be carried out, but it was. At dawn on October 15th, 1917, a black van carried her from St. Lazare Prison to Vincennes Fort.

She was hurried into the yard and faced with a firing squad. Even then her composure did not desert her.

"You would not kill me?" she cried, as she threw off her cloak, revealing that she was nude.

They buried her body, wrapped in her cloak, in the ditch of the Fort; and that was the end of the little Dutch girl who had ensnared officers, Cabinet Ministers and high officials. She'd played that game once too often.

Lieutenant R. M. FAVELL

Your wife and Frances are well and wish you the best and an early re-union.



YOU put a bob on a horse, or on a dog. You think that is a bet. It is, but betting is not what it was.

Even in Tattersall's ring on a racecourse the betting to-day is nothing like what stakes were in the days when men really made big wagers.

A common wager in Tattersall's to-day is somewhere about £25 as a stake. Fifty pounds is not uncommon. Five hundred pounds has been known. At rarer intervals as much as £1,000 has been tabled.

Huh! It still doesn't come anywhere near the wagers of the nineteenth century.

On the eve of the Derby of 1843, which was won by Cotherstone, Lord George Bentinck walked into Crockford's Club. He was running his own horse, Napier, in the classic, and began to talk of its chances, which he much fancied. He said he would take three to one on his horse. Lord Glasgow heard him, and looked up.

"I'll take you," said Lord Glasgow.

"I want a wager in solid cash," said Lord George.

"I'll wager in solid cash," replied Lord Glasgow, a little nettled. "I'll lay you £90,000 to £30,000."

And Lord Glasgow won his money. He was pretty lucky in the way of wagers. Another time he won in the 1824 St. Leger. His winnings that day were £17,000.

But in the 1827 St. Leger he made a bad break and lost £27,000. Still, he could afford it.

The biggest bets then were made at Crockford's, or White's, or Brookes's Clubs. The most fashionable people frequented these premises, and money changed hands at rapid rates, both at cards and in racing.

THE DUCHESS LOSES.

An entry in one of the newspapers at the time records that "a lady of high rank has lost, during the racing season, an amount said to reach £600,000." No name was given, but it was rumoured that she was the Duchess of Cleveland.

Beau Brummell won at one sitting at White's from Mr.



Drummond, the banker, the sum of £20,000. He told his valet to carry it home.

One of the most famous gamblers of the old days was Colonel Mellish, who died in 1817. Although he was only thirty-five when he departed this life, he had gone through several fortunes. On his 21st birthday he inherited something like a quarter of a million. He never put less than £500 on a horse.

He owned the St. Leger winner of 1804, Sancho, and a race was organised by the smart set at Brighton a few months later.

Half of London went to see this race, and betting was heavy on Sancho. But Sancho was beaten by the Duke of Cleveland's Pavilion; and Colonel Mellish lost over £50,000 on the race.

He came back to London and played dice at Brookes's Club. His winnings were not "high"—a mere £10,000—so he went to Crockford's and played cards. He lost more than he had won earlier in the day.

A FINAL THROW.

That, however, did not worry the Colonel. He just had to gamble; and the climax was reached when, one day, he staked all he had left of his fortune—£40,000—in one throw of dice against twice that sum. He lost.

Another great gambler, who went through more than Colonel Mellish, was the last Marquis of Hastings, Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet.

He died at the age of twenty-six, and left debts amounting to over £45,000. These were gambling debts.

Two years before that he had fifty horses in training for big races. He boasted that he usually made £30,000 by betting on racing, but the tide turned.

He certainly had made some good bets. He won £75,000 on the Cesarewitch in which Lecturer was the winning horse.

This win took his head and he plunged recklessly. But it was his winnings on Hermit, the horse that won the Derby in 1867, that started him losing, strange as it may seem.

The Marquis won £100,000 on that race alone, and he continued to lay money on Hermit. When the horse was taken to stud the Marquis laid money heavily on his own two-year-old filly, Lady Elizabeth. In one year he lost £50,000 on the filly.

KEEPING HIS HEAD.

This happened at Newmarket, and the Marchioness of Aylesbury, who was standing near the Marquis when the results went up, saw how the loss had affected him, and to avoid a scene, as others were crowding round, she thrust her betting card into his hand and demanded, "Tell me how I stand."

The Marquis recovered quickly, totted up her card, and replied in a calm voice, "You have lost exactly £23." His air was so self-possessed that those who expected him to show depression were amazed.

Within a short time he had sold the ancestral home, Castle Donnington, and his magnificent estates in Scotland; then took ill and died broke.

One of the other famous gamblers—and losers—was the 13th Earl of Eglinton. His horse, Blue Bonnet, won the St. Leger in 1842 and netted a gain for him of over £30,000. But he made many foolish bets and lost heavily at other times.

His most tragic bet was for only £25. He was a great drinker, and he wagered in a club that he could drink more champagne than any other man in the United Kingdom. Perhaps to his surprise, the wager was taken up by General Peel, who nominated his brother-in-law, Sir David Baird, as the Earl's opponent in the contest.

THREE-BOTTLE MAN.

The trial took place a few days later at the club. The Earl began by drinking three bottles rapidly, one after the other. Sir David Baird drank slowly, but persistently.

When Eglinton stretched out his hand for the fourth bottle he suddenly became deathly pale. Rising from his chair, he said quietly, "I can do no more."

He retired to his room and became ill. On the other hand, Sir David Baird finished three bottles and part of a fourth, and then played—and won—two games of billiards.

Perhaps the most curious bet of all was made by Richard Fry, the well-known book-maker. He was known as "Leviathan Fry," because he never took small bets.

The largest he took was at Sandown Park, when he laid £26,000 on the favourite with Sir John Willoughby. The favourite lost.

But Fry took it all without a murmur. On another occasion he bet £100 to a cigar on a horse, and won. Then he bet £100 to a match to light the cigar on another horse—and lost.

We have no betters to-day of the calibre of those great gamblers.

Send your
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

The Vanishing of Vaudrey

From "THE SECRET OF FATHER BROWN"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

By Permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

SIR ARTHUR VAUDREY, in his light grey summer suit, wearing on his grey head the white hat which he so boldly affected, went walking briskly up the road by the river from his own house to the little group of houses that were almost like out-houses to his own.

He entered that little hamlet, and then vanished completely. The disappearance seemed the more absolute because of the familiarity of the scene and the extreme simplicity of the conditions of the problem.

QUIZ for today

1. A chavender is an Indian manservant, a fish, a cooking utensil, a mill hand, an evil spirit?
2. Who wrote (a) "Rabbi Ben Ezra," (b) "Abou Ben Adhem"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Onyx, Opal, Aquamarine, Aquascutum, Emerald, Diamond?
4. Whose knowledge of London was "extensive and peculiar"?
5. Who said, "I 'spect I grewed"?
6. What is the average speed of a wasp?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Chenille, Corregidor, Corrolary, Guage, Indict?
8. What is the highest mountain in North America?
9. Who was Corporal Trim?
10. Correct, "Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble." Who wrote it?

Answers to Quiz in No. 168

1. Vegetable
2. (a) George Meredith, (b) P. G. Wodehouse.
3. Titus is a New Testament Book; the others are Old Testament Books.
4. 15 m.p.h.
5. James Thompson, in "The Seasons."
6. Crises.
7. Didactic, Coronach.
8. 49.
9. Hero of Surtees's "Handley Cross."
10. "Let us then be up and doing." Longfellow.
11. 1889.

WANGLING WORDS—125

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after M, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of O BEN WONT BAT, to make a Devonshire town.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GOLD into DUST, RISE into FALL, BEARD into SHAVE, SHOPS into TRUST.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CAMOUFLAGE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 124

- 1.—GNAT, GONE, GAIN, SIGN.
- 2.—MAPLE, POPLAR, JUNIPER, WILLOW.
- 3.—HASH, HUSH, RUSH, RUST, REST, PEST, PEAT, PEAR, REAR, ROAR, SOAR, SOAP, SOUP.
- 4.—NICE, DICE, DIME, TIME, CAKE, CANE, BANE, BANS, BUNS.
- 5.—BELT, BOLT, BOOT, SOOT, SLOT, SLIT, SLIP, CLIP.
- 6.—Moon, That, Shot, Stop, Pots, Mops, Sump, Tons, Pout, Snap, Shut, Than, Maps, Mast, Most, Host, Spot, etc.
- 7.—South, Mouth, Month, Thump, Stump, Stamp, Pants, Punts, Rants, Pouts, Moons, Touts, Tamps, etc.

The hamlet could not be called a village; indeed, it was little more than a small and strangely isolated street. It stood in the middle of wide and open fields and plains, a mere string of the four or five shops absolutely needed by the neighbours. There was a butcher's at the corner, at which, it appeared, Sir Arthur had last been seen.

He was seen by two young men staying at his house; Evan Smith, who was acting as his secretary, and John Dalmon, who was generally supposed to be engaged to his ward.

There was next to the butcher's a small shop combining a large number of functions. Here, a little old woman sold sweets, walking-sticks, golf-balls, gum, balls of string, and a very faded sort of stationery.

Beyond this was the tobacconist, to which the two young men were betaking themselves when they last caught a glimpse of their host standing in front of the butcher's shop.

The only real and Christian inn in the neighbourhood stood by itself some way down the main road. Between the inn and the hamlet was a cross-roads, at which stood a policeman and a uniformed official of a motoring club. Both agreed that Sir Arthur had never passed that point on the road.

The old gentleman was a

good deal of a dandy, but one of a vigorous sort, especially for his age. His bodily strength and activity were very remarkable; and his curly hair might have been a yellow so pale as to look white, instead of a white that was a faded yellow.

He was the squire of all that country and the owner of the little hamlet. In that sort of place everybody not only knows everybody else, but generally knows where anybody is at any given moment.

The normal course would have been for Sir Arthur to walk to the village, to say whatever he wanted to say to the butcher or anybody else, and then walk back to his house again, all in the course of about half an hour; as the

two young men did when they bought their cigarettes. But they saw nobody on the road returning; indeed, there was nobody in sight except the one other guest at the house, a certain Dr. Abbott, who was sitting with his broad back to them on the river bank, very patiently fishing.

When all the three guests returned to breakfast, they seemed to think little or nothing of the continued absence of the squire; but, when the day wore on and he missed one meal after another, they naturally began to be puzzled, and Sybil Rye, the lady of the household, began to be seriously alarmed.

Expeditions of discovery were dispatched to the village again and again without finding any trace, and eventually, when darkness fell, the house was full of a definite fear.

Sybil had sent for Father Brown, who was a friend of hers, and had helped her out of a difficulty in the past; and, under the pressure of the apparent peril, he had consented to remain at the house and see it through.

Thus it happened that, when the new day's dawn broke without news, Father Brown was early afoot and on the look-out for anything; his black, stumpy figure could be seen pacing the garden path.

He realised that another figure was moving even more restlessly along the embank-

ment, and saluted Evan Smith, the secretary, by name.

Evan Smith was a tall, fair-haired young man, looking rather harassed, as was perhaps rather natural in that hour of distraction. But something of the sort hung about him at all times. He had deep and cavernous eyes, and a rather haggard look which, contrasting with his tall figure and fair hair, may have had a touch of something sinister.

But Father Brown smiled at him amiably enough, and then said more seriously:

"This is a trying business." "It's a very trying business for Miss Rye," answered the young man gloomily, "and I don't see why I should disguise that that's the worst part for me—even if she is engaged to Dalmon."

"Yes," said the secretary harshly, "I think I know what has happened to Sir Arthur."

"A beautiful morning," said a bland voice in his ear. "A beautiful morning for a rather melancholy meeting."

The secretary jumped as if he had been shot, as the large shadow of Dr. Abbott fell across his path.

(To be continued)

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to the Editor

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Rabbits, millions of 'em. But that is not the way to describe a group of rabbits, surely? It is one of the following, if we remember right. Trouble is—which? A Herd, Litter, Nest, Sleuth, or maybe a Pack.
Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 168: Myrna Loy.

Father Brown merely said mildly:

"Naturally, we all sympathise with her. I suppose you haven't any news or views in the matter?"

"I haven't any news exactly," answered Smith, "no news from outside, at least. As for views And he relapsed into moody silence."

"I should be very glad to hear your views," said the little priest pleasantly.

"I hope you don't mind my saying that you seem to have something on your mind."

The young man stirred and looked at the priest steadily.

"Well, you're right enough," he said at last. "I suppose I shall have to tell somebody. And you seem a safe sort of person to tell."

"Do you know what has happened to Sir Arthur?" asked Father Brown calmly, as if it were the most casual matter in the world.

FIGURE THESE OUT

(1) HOW quickly can you write down four numbers (the smallest at the top) which total 100? But the first and second numbers, multiplied together, equal the third number, and the fourth number is a reversal of the figures of the third.

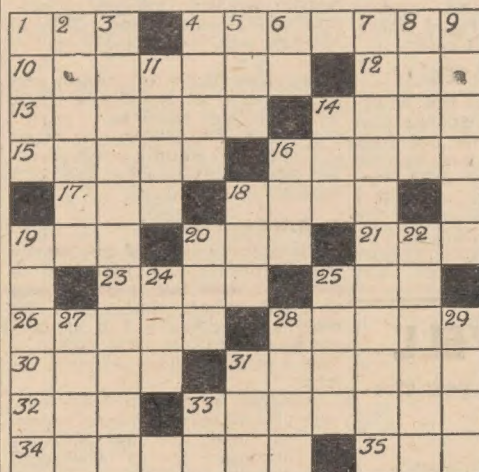
(2) NOBBY'S missus is 2 years younger than he is. Their combined ages total 10 times that of their son Peter. This time next year their combined ages will be 9 times Peter's.

How old are they all now?

(3) THE skipper decided to distribute ten bob between his six nephews. He started with the eldest, and as he proceeded with the share-out he gave each child 6d. less than the previous one.

How did he divide up the ten shillings?
(Answers on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Cover.
- 4 Different form.
- 10 Source of dyes.
- 12 Strike with hoof.
- 13 Resulted.
- 14 Bird.
- 15 Bobs down.
- 16 Got up.
- 17 Eggs.
- 18 Slim.
- 19 Write.
- 20 Murmur.
- 21 Beam.
- 23 Journey.
- 25 Kind of cap.
- 26 Active.
- 28 Small wood.
- 30 Stone powder.
- 31 Run fast.
- 32 Bird.
- 33 Foreshadow.
- 34 Vacillates.
- 35 Swelling.

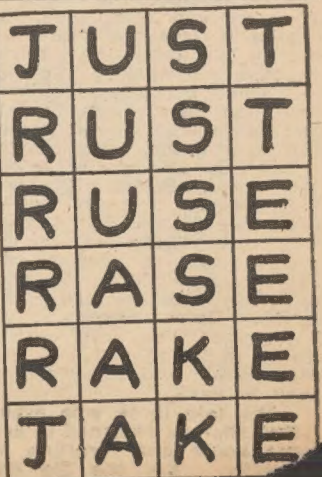
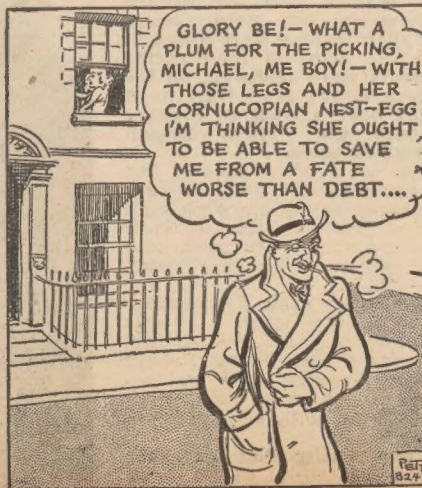
Solution to Problem in No. 168.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Put down.
- 2 Guard against loss.
- 3 Stop.
- 4 Competes.
- 5 Also.
- 6 About.
- 7 Possessive signs.
- 8 Wheel centre.
- 9 Score.
- 11 Boy's name.
- 14 Row.
- 16 Pack tight.
- 18 Seed-vessel.
- 19 Stages of development.
- 20 Colour.
- 22 Away.
- 24 Former.
- 25 Very.
- 27 Cricket.
- 28 Dogs.
- 29 Whirl.
- 31 Rank.
- 33 Parent.

ARM REVERSE
LOOSE ALE N
OWLET NAMED
O AWAY FINE
FAR ROASTED
P ADdle M
CRESSET RYE
RIMS LENA G
ALBUM RIDER
GERA EXILE
SCREWED OFF

JANE



Solution to Puzzle in

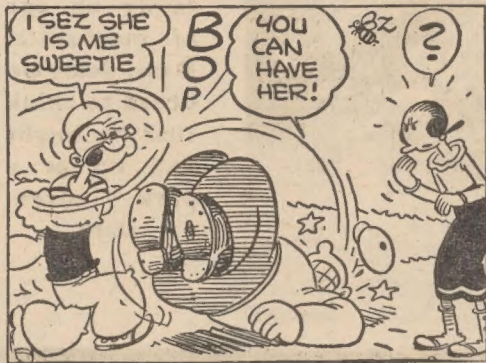
BEELZEBUB JONES



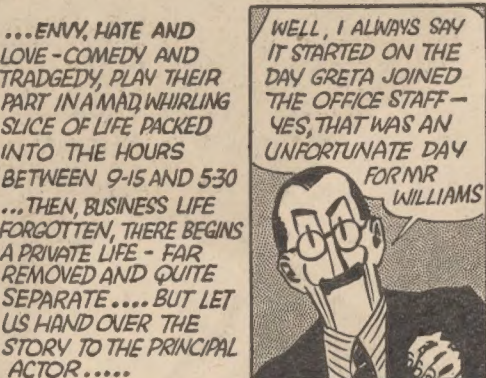
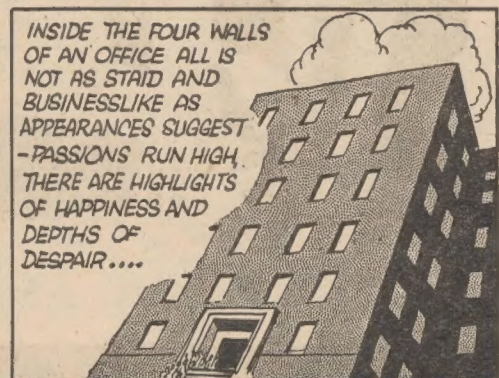
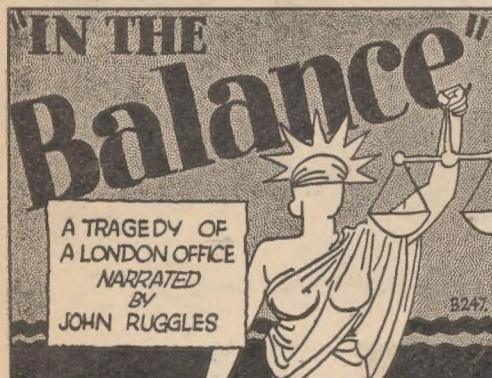
BELINDA



POPEYE



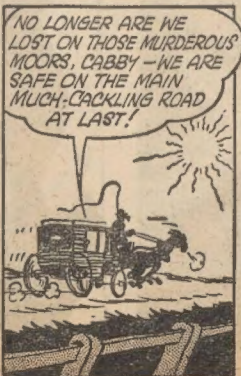
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



John Nelson looks Back-5

MANY historic batting feats have been performed at the Oval, but, looking down the vista of years, I remember none so exhilarating as on the second day of the Yorkshire v. Rest of England match towards the end of the 1923 season.

Things hadn't gone too well for the Rest, but a little before lunch on the second day, two great left-handers completely transformed the state of the match in a short time.

One phase everyone who saw it will remember—49 runs in seven minutes! Even the great Wilfrid Rhodes had some of his best bowling so hilariously treated that four successive balls yielded 6, 3, 6, 6.

Yes—you've guessed it. The batting pair were England's then captain, A. P. F. Chapman and Frank Woolley.

Has there ever been a more graceful or elegant cricketer than Frank Woolley? I doubt it. And his place in the temple of fame is sure, for he was one of the greatest cricketers of the first half of the present century of grace.

Think of our most notable all-rounders. A. G. Steel, M. A. Noble, F. S. Jackson, George Hirst, Wilfrid Rhodes, Frank Tarrant, "Albatrotti," come readily to mind. Is there any doubt that Woolley is worth his place in this galaxy?

When Frank was very young he loved every niche of the Angel ground of his native Tonbridge. When there was nothing to attract him there, he and his brother Claude used to practise near the riverside with a post for a wicket, a piece of broomstick for a bat, and a rubber ball.

A hefty clout dropping the ball in the River Medway often interrupted their practice, but, such was the rapid development of Frank that he was only 15 when he was introduced to the Kent nursery.

There he came under the wise influence of Capt. McCanlis, and four years later, when barely 19, F. E. Woolley first found his name written on the Kent playing list.

The occasion was at Old Trafford against Lancashire. Was he nervous, excited or upset by this severe test? Well, when Kent were almost in "Queer Street," young Frank hit up a magnificent 64.

That same season he made it plain to the cognoscenti that here was a new star of the first magnitude.

At the Oval, on his first appearance on a London ground, he won a game that Kent had seemed certain to lose. Everybody else failed, but he chimed in with a grand innings of 70.

Twenty-odd runs were still needed when the last man, Fielder, came in. Frank took charge of the bowling, and knocked off those needed runs in a thrilling finish.

In his next match Woolley collected a century against Hampshire, and his position was really well established.

His bowling, like his batting, suggested the poetry of motion. It was so graceful, and though it looked easy, the fact that he took over 100 wickets a year during several seasons shows it was deadly enough, especially on a sticky wicket.

His height, his long arms, and suppleness of body made him a grand slip fielder. Apt as well as humorous was the description once applied to him by a disgruntled opponent—"That elongated hop-pole!"

Frank Woolley wrote several pages of cricket history; he is helping to write more now by taking a tremendous interest in the development of young players of promise.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 2.

No. 1.

5
7
35
53

No. 2.

Nobby 36, Missus 34, Peter 7.
(70 equals 10×7 ; next year,
72 equals 9×8 .)

No. 3.

2/11, 2/5, 1/11, 1/5, 11d. and
5d.—total 10/-

Who is It?

JOHN MASEFIELD

Allied Ports:
ALGIERS.

Mixed Doubles.

(a) HINT & SUGGEST.
(b) SIMPLE & ASTUTE.

"I always call a spade a spade," said the emphatic man.

"That's right," replied the travelled man. "I once saw a man in Arizona get into trouble for calling a spade a club."

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

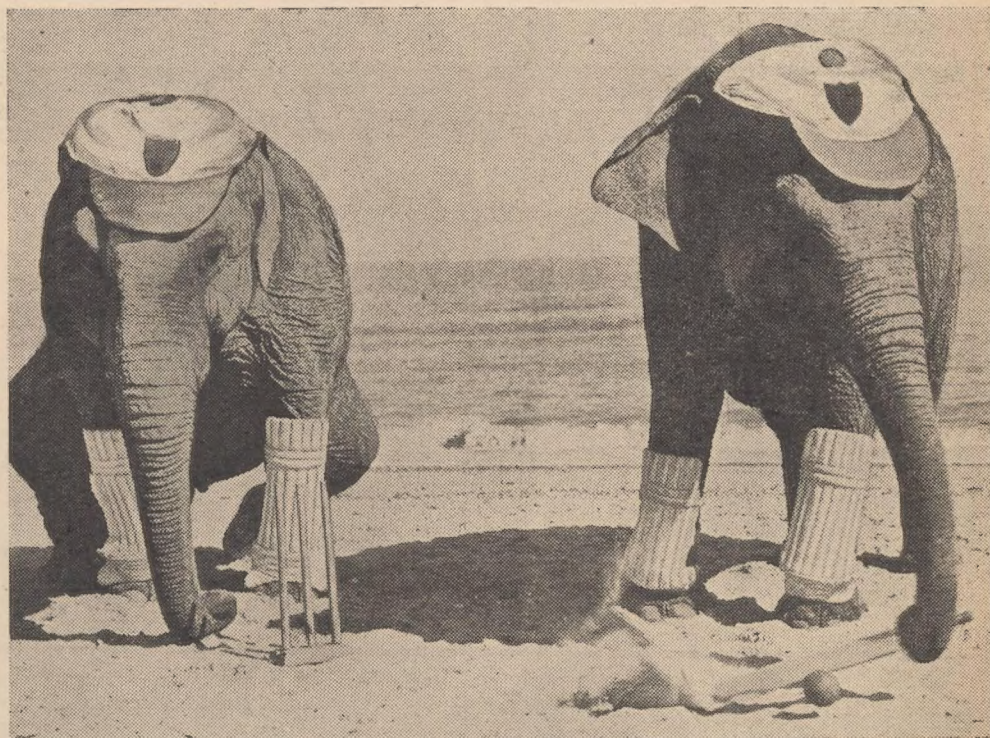
This England

No, you haven't been mis-directed. This IS Leicester Square. But the county happens to be Kent, and the nearest town Penshurst.



This is certainly an age of mechanics. Dear, dear, we dread to think that he might end up as a park - attendant.

"Well, of course I'm not supposed to say a word about it. Don't ask me again." "Oh, I know it's a secret, but you can trust me. Beside, think how uncomfortable we can make her feel when we meet."



"Jumbo has played that one with a lovely straight bat. Looked a certainty for his wicket. Even the stumper was getting on his knees to it. This game is terrific."



DOG-WATCH

Seems sort of precarious to us. One slight turnover in her sleep and splash into the pool. Boy, oh boy, but who wouldn't "walk the plank" with such a "Fate" at the water end of it?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Big League stuff huh?"

